2585

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

Vol. XIV. No. 23. NEW YORK, N. Y., SEPTEMBER, 1904. Whole No. 385.

"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."
JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

In considering the question of transportation of President Roosevelt, the Boston "Herald" suggests that the railroad "should be obliged to transport the chief executive of the nation free of charge, possibly as a part of its postal contract," thus sending Teddy by mail, as it were. But the "Herald" has doubtless overlooked the fact that the Comstock postal laws have not yet been repealed.

The chief of police of a town in Germany recently killed the town clerk, robbed the latter's safe, took to the woods, and is now leading the life of a bandit. It is a short and natural step from the service of the conventional bands of robbers called governments to membership in the unconventional bands called banditti; and many do not sever their connection with the former in order to associate themselves with the latter.

There have been some new issues of the "Simple Life Series," two of them uniform with Thoreau's "Duty of Civil Disobedience" in size and price. These are Emerson's essay on "Culture" and selections from Tennyson's "In Memoriam." Three others are of the larger size and are Thoreau's "Walden," Crosby's "Tolstoy as a Schoolmaster," and Tolstoy's "Master and Man." The publisher is Arthur Fifield, 44 Fleet Street, London, E. C. The books may be ordered of the publisher of Liberty, the first two for ten cents each and the last three for twenty cents each.

"The Boston Investigator," as a separate entity, has passed into history, and its astral body is now a part of the corporeal existence of "The Truthseeker." For seventy-three years the former had fought its battles alone, but twentieth-century competition has led to its ingestion by the freethought trust, just as "Freethought" was absorbed more than a decade ago; and Washburn of the "Investigator," like Putnam and Macdonald of "Freethought," has been transferred to the staff of "The Truthseeker." Thus does the system fostered and supported by Roosevelt, Baer, and God find imitators even among freethinkers.

Not long ago a man was arrested in this city while making a speech in one of the parks. "I think he must be an Anarchist," said the policeman who arrested him; "he's an educated man and speaks three languages"; which inference would indicate that the intelligence of the police force is improving. The serious part of the man's offence was that he was heard to make the statement that "the government here is as bad as a monarchy and is the enemy of the poor workingman." The prisoner's defence was that he "was only discussing social problems in a land that boasts of free speech." "Three months in the workhouse," was the judge's terse but convincing reply.

Mr. J. H. Stewart Lockhart, British commissioner at Weihaiwei, is as near to being an Anarchist as a government official is likely to come. Here is a recent observation of his: "There is in China a saying that the art of government is to do nothing. While not attempting to follow such a short cut to successful government as that recommended in this saying, this government has taken as its maxim, *Pas trop gouverner*, avoiding meddlesome interference with Chinese affairs, which invariably breeds trouble, creates friction, and ultimately leads to the creation of a large and expensive staff." Evidently the influence of Thomas Jefferson's famous utterance has not been confined to the western hemisphere.

Mr. Thomas Common, who is well known as the translator of some of Nietzsche's works into English, is publishing a small quarterly magazine devoted to Nietzsche and some other people and things. The title of the publication is "Notes for Good Europeans," of which the following translation is given in parenthesis: "The Good European Point of View." The contents of the magazine are both good and bad —depending on the "point of view." The subjects range from a sober discussion of Shakspere and quotations from Bernard Shaw and others to an unmeasured laudation of the rantings of Ragnar Redbeard. Any one who wishes to taste of its *mélange* may secure it for 3½*d.* a copy or one shilling a year by addressing Mr. Common at 8 Victoria House Terrace, Corstorphine, Edinburgh, Scotland.

The approach of cool weather promises satisfactorily to settle a serious problem which came near upsetting the equanimity of the St. Louis exposition, that serious disorder being averted only by the prompt intervention of the president of the United States. Many indignant protests were lodged against the managers of the exposition for permitting certain Filipinos there exhibited to appear in their native costumes, which were slightly unconventional except at the seashore, physical culture shows, prize fights, and in artists' studios. At one time the expostulations were so intense that it seemed as if the Igorrotes would have to don nether garments or go to bed. But Teddy, after having them visit him at the White House, and after inspecting them dressed both in outing suits and without them, decided the question of decency in favoring the latter, with which decision one finds it a pleasure to agree. And so the Igorrote's spear will continue to be his chief article of apparel, at least until the chill winds of an American autumn prompts him to don something more close fitting.

The editor of the "Fleeced Him" packed his grip, not long ago, and made a perfunctory pilgrimage to Nietzscheland. He had no sooner arrived than he took a fall—"The Fall of Wagner," for so it is written, and printed in the "F. H." To criticise Nietzsche one doesn't have to know German. It is very simple. Nietzsche wrote a book called "Der Fall Wagner"—there you are, not even a dictionary being necessary—"The Fall of Wagner"! For so was it written, and printed in the "F. H." And thus did Wagner "fall." But what can be said,—what is there left to say,—to one who likes so well to read what he writes that mere facts do not count and to whom accuracy is a thing to be eschewed rather than sought? That it was possible for Wagner to be a revolutionist and a great genius; that it was also possible for him still to be a great genius and to exchange revolution for religion; that it was possible for Nietzsche to be both right and wrong—right about Wagner's philosophy and wrong about his music; and that, finally, it was possible for them both to be right, are problems of too great depth for him who understands not the music and philosophy of Wagner or the basis of the reasoning of Nietzsche. And, when he persists in writing without that understanding, the fund of wisdom in the world is not visibly augmented, even though he writes and has it printed in the "Fleeced Him."

The Riddle of the Sphinx.

[William J. Lampton in New York "Sun."]

Above the silent desert
The mystic Sphinx's head,
Upreared, has monumented
Three thousand years of dead.

"Art woman?" asked I, knowing
Not what the deep sands hide;
And to my eager question
The carven lips replied:

"Till now I have not answered
The queries I have heard;
Three thousand years I've been here
And never said a word."

The carven lips were silent;
I lingered long, and went
Away with no more answer—
What could the Sphinx have meant?

Liberty.

Published Irregularly; Twelve Issues, 60 Cents; Twenty-Four Issues, $1.00; Single Copies, 5 Cents.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Office of Publication, 114 Fifth Avenue, Room 3.
Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box 1312, New York.

NEW YORK, N. Y., SEPTEMBER, 1904.

"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel."—PROUDHON.

☞ The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

Important Caution.

Since there is a firm doing business in this city under the style of Liberty Publishing Company, all postal communications of whatever nature, if intended for Liberty, should be addressed carefully and plainly to P. O. Box 1312, New York City, all non-postal deliveries should be made at 114 Fifth Avenue, Room 3, and all checks, drafts, and money orders should be drawn to the order of Benj. R. Tucker.

An Economist on the Future Society.

M. G. de Molinari, the editor of "Le Journal des Economistes" and one of the leading political economists of Europe, would doubtless be astonished to learn that his new book, "The Society of To-Morrow: A Forecast of Its Political and Economic Organization," has made it impossible for him to emigrate to, settle in, or even visit the great republic of the west, the United States of America—that is, if Roosevelt, who does *not* propose to run amuck among the corporations, whatever the law may say, does propose to run amuck among those to whom the anti-Anarchist clause of the immigration act is applicable. Yet such is the fact. Were M. de Molinari to arrive in one of our ports, he would run the risk of arrest, detention in a cage, and subsequent deportation. He may be a respected, "sane and safe" author and teacher in France. He may be perfectly free to travel in Russia and Turkey, in Persia and Morocco, but in the United States he would be treated as a dangerous person, an enemy of law and order.

For, whether he knows it or not, he is an Anarchist. He disbelieves in organized government, even in a government of and by Roosevelt. According to him, in the society of to-morrow there will be no government in the present sense of the term.

With Spencer and others, de Molinari holds that war, once a cause of social consolidation and progress, is now a source of evil, waste, and reaction. It has become harmful, he says, and no longer fulfills any useful purpose. Why, then, does the state of war continue? Why do not the civilized nations abolish it as the duel has been abolished (or practically abolished as a means of enforcing justice between man and man), and settle their differences by arbitration? The answer given in the book is as follows:

> Governments are enterprises—in commercial language, *concerns*—which perform certain services, the chief of which are internal and external security. The directors of these enterprises, the civil and military chiefs and their staffs, are naturally interested in their aggrandizement on account of the material and moral benefits which such aggrandizement secures to themselves. Their home policy is therefore to augment their own functions within the State by arrogating ground properly belonging to other enterprises; abroad, they enlarge their domination by a policy of territorial expansion. It is nothing to them if these undertakings do not prove remunerative, since all costs, whether of their services or of their conquests, are borne by the nations which they direct.

De Molinari proceeds to point out that the relation of State and people as producer and consumer, respectively, of services connected with security and order, is not one of free contract. Government not only brooks no competition, but imposes its alleged services on willing and unwilling alike. The people have no choice. They must pay taxes and obey the laws which infringe upon their equal freedom, whether they need or desire the governmental services, or stand ready to dispense with them. The reforms and revolutions of the past have not touched this fundamental evil—an evil which political progress has not even indirectly tended to correct. Indeed, de Molinari easily shows that the governments of to-day are less interested than were their forerunners to refrain from abusing their powers and wasting national life and treasure.

The purpose of this article does not require an elaborate summary of the anti-war and pro-arbitration argument of the book under notice. Suffice it to say that, in the author's opinion, a radical change is inevitable, since government *does not pay*. The "economic man" is bound to revolt sooner or later against a condition which is as ruinous as it is unreasonable. He is bound to demand the abolition of war and the reduction of the expenses of government. International arbitration under a collective guarantee will be forced on the jingo politicians, and then disarmament will become possible.

But this is not all the reform which the society of to-morrow will realize. A permanent state of peace involves further and—in principle—more revolutionary changes. It is in forecasting these that de Molinari discloses his unconscious Anarchism.

Experience, he says, having demonstrated the inferiority and inefficiency of the State even in rendering what has been considered its primary functions, it is probable that nations will prefer to contract with firms or companies offering the most certain guarantees of the supply of the commodity most needful, security. Competition will probably enter this field, with the usual result—better service at lower cost. For instance, the insuring society will undertake to indemnify the insured if attacked in life or property. Justice will also be a competitive article. "The assurer and the body of the assured will be jointly interested in maintaining an impartial and enlightened judiciary for adjudicating on crimes and delicts. Adam Smith has long since shown [in reference to court fees, originally the chief support of the English courts] how competition solves this problem, and there can be little doubt that competition between fully independent judicial 'companies' will hereafter repeat the same solution."

Whatever men need and cannot secure profitably as individuals will be matter for bargain between agents of the associated consumers and those of the company undertaking risks of the particular class. One more direct quotation:

> Like the central government, and impelled by identical considerations, local administration continually enlarges its attributes by trespass on the domain of private enterprise and local budgets add their burdens to that of the State. . . . The actual duties appertaining to local systems are by no means numerous. They include little more than a small number of naturally collective services—building and maintaining sewers, paving, lighting, etc. Police systems are properly a part of the central machine. Yet, minor as are these local services, it cannot be doubted that, in common with the great departmental undertakings of the central government, they could be better and more economically performed by the employment of a private specialized agency.

Readers of Liberty will find the whole book delightful and refreshing, if rather naïve in certain places. Its leading ideas are not new in these pages, but de Molinari seems to have reached them in a different way from that of the philosophical Anarchist. To him the question is simply and severely economic. Government is too wasteful; it is destroying industrial society, not aiding or protecting it. The waste is inseparable from monopoly, and the remedy is —competition.

De Molinari does not touch upon the status of the non-aggressive individual who chooses to ignore the defensive association and to forego its benefits. He would do away with taxes and have premiums and contributions in their stead. But are these to be absolutely voluntary? This point is not treated. However, the burden and spirit of the book are plainly Anarchistic, and, if this distinguished economist should wish to come to the United States for the purpose of explaining and amplifying his views, he would be informed that he would render himself liable to detention and deportation along with criminals, diseased persons and other undesirable arrivals. Oh, this is a land of free and brave people!

S. R.

What Is There in It.

I remember talking with a young man who took a position I had not expected. He was interested in Anarchism—more than interested; he either accepted its essential principles or was thinking of a probability that, on fuller study, he might accept them, and he was apparently beginning to consider the question of becoming a practical partisan of the Anarchist movement. And what he thought of it was this: "What can I hope to accomplish in such a movement? Will not my life amount to more if devoted to such public purposes as can be accomplished through accepted political channels, than if I spend it on a movement which seems to be so far from the practical attainment of any of its ends?"

In other words, he was frankly ambitious; he wanted to leave his mark on the world, and would prefer that it should be a good big clear mark; therefore, assuming for the sake of argument that he would accept the Anarchist ideal, he wanted to know whether he could do more toward shaping the world aright by working di-

rectly for that ideal, or by looking to it as a remote guiding star while he fought for reform in the arena of "practical politics," commonly so called. At least I so understood him.

I do not know how much encouragement he would get from an older friend with whom I have talked more lately. This comrade wants to know what I write in Liberty for anyhow. Is it just because I like the fun, or do I really hope to accomplish anything? If I could get a million people to-morrow to accept my principles and suggestions in every detail, says he, it would make no practical difference to anything worth mentioning; workingmen are held down to a certain level by their masters, and will not be permitted to rise above it under any circumstances that even wild imagination can regard as possible. To be sure this man, who is an active and useful worker for Anarchism whether he thinks it pays or not, would laugh still more scornfully (if possible) at the idea of accomplishing anything valuable through politics or the like; so my beginner in life, who apparently does not care to consider any course that is going to be useless, will have to quit public affairs altogether and spend his life discovering a cure for tuberculosis—with my pessimist friend probably rounding in his ear that, when tuberculosis is abolished, the trusts may be depended on to rob the workingman of whatever benefit the abolition of the disease might bring him.

At any rate, both of them, the young man who breathes hope and the mature man who preaches against hope, put the same question before me. What is Anarchist work good for practically?

I shall certainly put off the pessimist with a short answer; I might make him angry if my very curtness did not put me in harmony with him by being so cynical. There is simply no truth anywhere around any part of what he says. The workingman is not down against any sort of minimum, nor is he helpless to better his position at present; nor is it true that the action of agitators, organizers, reformers, and the whole crew of us who are trying to make the world a better place for everybody to live in, is failing at present to produce an encouraging share of the desired result. Nor is it true, by the way, that political reform amounts to nothing, nor that the good which any political reform may do is valueless in the long run. For none of these pessimistic propositions is there a picayune's worth of proof. To read Henry George, you would think he had somewhere proved that wages are inevitably down to the minimum that yields a bare living; but, if you watch the argument of "Progress and Poverty," you will see that he first assumes this condition of wages as a premise, then proves that circumstances might exist under which such a condition would result, and then inferred from the assumed fact of wages standing at a minimum that the aforesaid circumstances do now exist. If he ever referred to the argument of "Progress and Poverty" as having proved that wages are at a minimum—which is an impression he has given me—then he gave an unusually fine example of reasoning in a circle.

But what of the comparison between Anarchism and politics? Apparently my young friend wanted me to tell him what he could do in Anarchism that would be worth while. I submit that the question was out of place. If he was so confident of his ability to score in the game of politics, then he thought no small beer of himself; for the man who makes good in politics must do it against plenty of competition. Now, if we ask what can be done in Anarchism that is worthy of such powers, the answer must be that this is for the man who has the powers to answer. It is the business of statesmanship to find out its own work, not to be told by others. But I can see certain directions in which a man with better statesmanship than mine might find great Anarchist opportunities. I have just been saying in Liberty that a man who could organize some strong line of Anarchist action, as a variation from so much talk, would transform the practical aspect of the Anarchist movement. Let our statesman try this; if he does not know how to do this, how can he expect us to believe that he knows how to solve the trust problem or the negro problem or the liquor problem or the tenement problem?

A man of notable powers ought to be able to find his own work in Anarchism; and a man of moderate powers ought not to think that the result of his life as a politician will be anything that the world could not do without. But for all men, of powers great or little, there is more opportunity in an almost virgin field than in one which has been farmed recklessly by everybody. I do not mean merely that it is easier to become prominent among ten thousand Anarchists than among five hundred thousand politicians; I mean that there is more chance of finding a great and valuable work waiting to be done if you look where so few workers have tried. Whatever is now to be done in politics must in most cases be very hard to see or very hard to do, or else it would have been done already. Anarchism offers a field at least not less extensive than politics, and a field in which, because of its freshness, you are much likelier to find important work lying obviously at hand ready to be done by the first anybody who sets himself resolutely at it. And I do not think I shall be understood to say that Anarchism does not offer hard work for those who prefer hard work.

But what will come of it? That is the point. Why, that depends on what it is that is done. But I think, without overestimating either the number of Anarchists or their zeal, or the amount of practical statesmanship among them, that we may hope within the lifetime of our younger element to see somewhere on earth a people whose policy avowedly, intentionally, aims at Anarchy. I do not think it impossible that we may see Anarchy in actual working order. In making this prediction I am assuming such a degree of persistent energy as we have thus far seen. The accession of men of notable ability, or a quickening of activity, may make a vast difference in what we come to; so, on the other hand, might a period of apathy. But, taking things as they are, I expect to live to see some sort of a start of Anarchy made. And I believe that this will mean more to the world than any prize that is left in the bag of politics. Bacon, in a well-known essay, speaks of different grades of greatness, and rates the highest to be that of those who have been the first founders of empires; those who come after them and improve or extend the State, though their work may undeniably be of greater bulk than that of the founders, must acknowledge an inferiority of rank. There is more chance of getting into Lord Bacon's front rank to-day by service to Anarchism than by occupying any other possible relation to government.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

A Fabian Apostate.

To review a book written by a professional critic is one of the most difficult of literary undertakings. The reason for this lies in the fact that the aforesaid professional critic knows how to disarm those who would attempt to criticize him. He knows all the vulnerable points of the people who write books—he knows at once when he has laid himself open to the shafts from the bow of him who is seeking to controvert and to confound. Thus is he able to write a preface or an introduction which serves to unhorse his foe at the very beginning. But there are books the excuse for whose being cannot be adequately presented even in a thirty-two page "Epistle Dedicatory," and so the expedient of providing an appendix of sixty odd pages has to be resorted to in order that the confusion of the temerarious reviewer may be complete.

In this manner is it necessary to approach Bernard Shaw's "Man and Superman—a Comedy and a Philosophy" (Brentano's). The comedy is so extraordinary (did Shaw ever write anything that wasn't?) that somebody had to take the blame for it, and this pleasant duty has fallen to the lot of Mr. Arthur Walkley, who takes his thirty-two pages of responsibility as becomes a journalist and a gentleman. As for the philosophy—well, nobody is responsible for that except Shaw, and to the outraged Fabian Society must he answer for it.

If any one should be led to believe, from the title of the book, that Nietzsche goes stalking booted and spurred through the pages of the comedy, let him at once be reassured. The "Superman" is singularly absent from the play, but is hinted at in the "Epistle Dedicatory" and fully realized in the authorship of "The Revolutionist's Handbook and Pocket Companion"; while mere "Man," with his counterpart woman, holds undisputed sway in the comedy, except during the somewhat lengthy interval when the devil is on the boards.

The *motif* of the play is the Life Force—that impelling power in nature that drives men and women on to the perpetuation of the race. The thesis of the play—and it has a thesis—is "the determination of every man to be rich at all costs and of every woman to be married at all costs"—which is, translated from terms of sociology into terms of biology, the impulse of man to produce and woman to reproduce. Our author has apparently sought to establish, then, that there is, under present social and industrial conditions, a continual conflict between the business of production and that of reproduction, since they are not conducted conjointly, but rather—to use the exact words of the author—"the serious business of sex is left by men to women, as the serious business of nutrition is left by women to men."

There are some of us, perhaps, who would

like to disagree with Shaw, but the pitiful facts remain, and it may do others of us some good to read Shaw's bold statement of them:

That the men, to protect themselves against a too aggressive prosecution of the women's business, have set up a feeble romantic convention that the initiative in sex business must always come from the man, is true; but the pretence is so shallow that, even in the theatre, that last sanctuary of unreality, it imposes only on the inexperienced.

The plain truth of the matter is that, in our social life, we live a time-sanctified unreality. And not the least among the ghosts which haunt us is the venerable one which stands sponsor to the betrothal of every pair of *Homo sapiens*,—that is, of every pair with culture enough to have led them to read Tom Moore and Hall Caine. I refer to the delusion that the nervous impulse which prompts the primary amative osculation is of sincipital rather than occipital origin. This spook has been laid by Shaw and the naked fact established that, in so far as the average female is concerned, the real quest of the grail is the quest of the male, and that it is for purposes which appertain solely to the continuation of the race. This is harsh, but nevertheless logical, inevitable, and wholly natural, and none of us needs to go beyond his own personal observation to verify it. If a strong and healthy woman finds that her lover is likely to fail to assist her in accomplishing their high racial purpose, the said lover had better follow the familiar example of the Arab, for his doom is sealed. Naturally the thoughts of many of us revert to numerous cases which belie these words; but it does not require unparalleled sagacity to observe that they are, universally speaking, the exceptions, and are due to the influence of the teachings—now generally discredited but silently potent after all—of Malthus, and also to the social obstacles which surround the realization of nature's supreme purpose among those who are at war with certain details of the current social system.

The time has certainly arrived for us to lay aside the mark of hypocrisy which most of us habitually wear and to face the problems of sociology with that candor which alone can lead to their solution. And Shaw has set us a noble and unselfish example. Upon his head will rain the anathemas of womankind, for all women feel more strongly than men that they must wear the mask, and they will naturally be angry at seeing it so brutally torn from the face of Ann Whitefield. One instinctively feels, however, that Ann consents to the ravishment of this sole means of the concealment of her natural and perhaps unconscious purpose only because she is dealing with what we must take to be a superman. John Tanner, the reincarnation of Don Juan Tenorio, is a superman only because he is the putative author of "The Revolutionist's Handbook." He possesses few other characteristics of the *übermensch*. It is true that he makes Roebuck Ramsden ashamed of himself; but Eugene Marchbanks had long before done that to the Rev. James M. Morell. He likewise admits that, as a rich man with an income which he doesn't earn, he is a robber of the poor; but this, too, is an old story among Shaw's heroes. On the other hand, he at times rises to originality, as witness this admirable diatribe against one of the most vicious superstitions of the age:

I protest against this vile abjection of youth to age! Look at fashionable society as you know it. What does it pretend to be? An exquisite dance of nymphs. What *is* it? A horrible procession of wretched girls, each in the claws of a cynical, cunning, avaricious, disillusioned, ignorantly experienced, foul-minded old woman whom she calls mother, and whose duty it is to corrupt her mind and sell her to the highest bidder. Why do these unhappy slaves marry anybody, however old and vile, sooner than not marry at all? Because marriage is their only means of escape from these decrepit fiends who hide their selfish ambitions, their jealous hatred of the young rivals who have supplanted them, under the mask of maternal duty and family affection. Such things are abominable. . . . . The law for father and son and mother and daughter is not the law of love: it is the law of revolution, of emancipation, of the final supersession of the old and worn out by the young and capable. I tell you, the first duty of manhood and womanhood is a Declaration of Independence: the man who pleads his father's authority is no man; the woman who pleads her mother's authority is unfit to bear citizens to a free people.

The dialogue is bristling with many such outbursts of "sociological rage" (as Shaw calls it) on the part of Tanner,—possibly, after all, enough to justify his assumption of the title rôle. One cannot help observing, however, that many of these passages would find their proper place in the "Handbook," and that the play would be improved for stage performance if some of them were so relegated. These are really "Maxims for Revolutionists" and retard the action of the play. It takes an actor of the calibre of a Coquelin to sit on a stump and discuss politics for half an hour, with scarcely a gesture or movement, and not tire an audience; and Shaw is not always fortunate enough to have that quality of talent interpret his works. In the reading, however, there is not much weariness with the stump speeches, except occasionally in the ghost scene, where the real Don Juan,—that is, the unreal Don Juan, the ghost of him,—gets a little tiresome before he hies himself off to heaven, where one feels that he ought to have gone in the first place,—where he ought to have gone, in fact, before he becomes uncivil to the friends of the devil, who finally remonstrates with him. "Pooh!" says Don Juan, "why should I be civil to them or to you? In this Palace of Lies a truth or two will not hurt you. Your friends are all the dullest dogs I know. They are not beautiful; they are only decorated." And then follow twenty-seven sentences like the last one. Any one alone (like "they are not moral; they are only conventional") would have been a charming *bon mot;* but twenty-eight of them rattled off without stopping for breath suggest redundancy, prolixity,—in short, a studied effort that is overdone. It may be fertility, but it is not art; and one doesn't blame the devil for expostulating with the caustic remark that "it is mere talk."

Much more entertaining, as a rule, are the reincarnated Don Juan's twentieth century aphorisms, and the temptation to reproduce a few more of them is too strong to be resisted. For instance, here is a specimen of truth tersely expressed:

It is the self-sacrificing women that sacrifice others most recklessly. Because they are unselfish, they are kind in little things. Because they have a purpose which is not their own purpose, but that of the whole universe, a man is nothing to them but an instrument of that purpose.

And here again is Tanner's vehement denunciation of his friends' hypocritical condemnation of a woman whom they believe to have neglected to get married when her condition, according to the usages of polite society, demanded that she have a man's name added to her own:

Here is a woman whom we all supposed to be making bad water-color sketches, practising Grieg and Brahms, gadding about to concerts and parties, wasting her life and money. We suddenly learn that she has turned from these sillinesses to the fulfilment of her highest purpose and greatest function—to increase, multiply, and replenish the earth. And, instead of admiring her courage and rejoicing in her instinct; instead of crowning the completed womanhood and raising the triumphant strain of "Unto us a child is born: unto us a son is given," here you are—you who have been as merry as grigs in your mourning for the dead—all pulling long faces and looking as ashamed and disgraced as if the girl had committed the vilest of crimes.

Mr. Tanner's "Pocket Companion" must be regarded as containing what the acting time of a four-act play would not permit him to say on the stage. It is the overflow of his exuberant enthusiasm. It is composed of the odds and ends of his philosophy that could not be worked into the lines of the play. There are short essays on such pertinent subjects as "Property and Marriage." "Prudery Explained," etc., and finally we have the "Maxims," which are fairly bristling with good advice and epigrammatic definitions. But through it all there is an undertone, a something that seems to express a diminishing faith in Fabianism. True, Mr. Tanner-Shaw does not openly repudiate it, and he even formally holds it up as about the best thing ever found; but he is not enthusiastic over it and has no hopes of its substitution for the existing order until the English people "understand and approve of it," which he virtually admits they will not do without wholesale regeneration. Furthermore, he predicts a dire catastrophe "unless we can have a democracy of supermen; and the production of such a democracy is the only change that is now hopeful enough to nerve us to that effort that revolution demands."

But how is all this to be brought about? Here is the answer: "The only fundamental and possible Socialism is the socialization of the selective breeding of man: in other terms, of human evolution." Man must effectively will the realization of Socialism. "And he never will until he becomes Superman." Ergo, hail to the Superman! Every reformer but the philosophical Anarchist reaches this point and then sits down to wait. And they are still waiting. And they will continue to wait for some time to come. Occasionally, one of the more impatient ones rises from his waiting seat and tosses a bomb, hoping thereby to speed the formation of supermen. But fright makes only tyrants or slaves; and the superman is to be no more a Caligula than a Caliban.

The [illegible] pessimistic on the subject. "K[illegible]must be bred like other kings," he says; and yet he tells us that "property and marriage, by destroying equality and thus hampering sexual selection with irrelevant conditions, are hostile to the evolution of the superman." But property and marriage cannot be abolished until people understand and approve of the plan for its abolition. Here, then, is the

endless chain. How are we going to break into it? Supermen must be bred, marriage and property must be removed from the way of his breeding, people must effectively will the abolition of property and marriage, and they will not do it until they become supermen. It is hopeless. There is no place to begin. The position is at once impregnable and untenable. And so, in desperation, the solution must be left to the Anarchists, who believe that salvation need not wait upon the regeneration of humanity, but that it may be effected through the intelligent coöperation of the few supermen who already exist.

C. L. S.

Two ridiculous things crop out of a war waged between two nations. One is the tendency of "neutral" nations to permit either or both of the belligerents to decide what kinds of merchandise are "contraband of war" and to seize and confiscate such merchandise whenever it is found *en route* to the enemy, regardless of the nationality of the carrier. The other is a similar conception of the ethics of "neutrality." It is that vessels of the belligerents may enter a "neutral" port and remain in it for twenty-four hours, safe from the attacks of the enemy. After that time they must depart or disarm; but, being disarmed, they are still safe. How much more sensible and logical it would be to regard the confiscation of a cargo even of ammunition intended for a belligerent to be downright robbery unless it were sailing under the flag and was already the property of one of them. And a code that permits a ship to seek the protection of a harbor of a neutral nation for safety from the enemy, even if the ship be disarmed, is similarly ridiculous, since, if it is to be enforced, the business of such enforcement devolves upon the neutral nation, which is supposed to have no interest in the conflict. The sensible way would be to offer no protection whatever to a vessel belonging to either of the belligerents, and, if they went to fighting in the harbor of a neutral nation, let the latter drive them out as one would a couple of fighting dogs from one's door-yard. Two pugnacious idiots should not be allowed, either by "international law" or common sense, to invade the property or tranquillity of a peaceable party. To permit such invasion is obviously to waive the right of self-defence.

Cranky Notions.

"Every man truly lives, so long as he acts his nature, or some way makes good the faculties of himself."—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

I don't know who Sir Thomas Browne was nor do I care very much who he was, but I do care about what he said. I find this quotation in Holmes's "Autocrat," and put it here because I approve of it. We seem to be going always around in a circle. Good things are said every little while by those who stop long enough from birth to death to observe things and tell what they've observed. Most people, however, go through life as one in a hurry to catch a train. They have no time to observe things and do almost nothing but hurry and sweat to get out of it. And so they do not truly live. If by chance the hurry-up man should see the quotation above and read it, he'd cock his head one side, look wise and remark: "Devilish good thing, ain't it?" And then run along faster to make up time.

* * *

So few "truly live" now. They haven't got time to make good their faculties. Instead of doing what is to their own good they meddle with others and make both bad. More and more I am convinced that the way to "live truly" is to make good *your own* faculties. Never mind about the other fellow. He'll make good, too, if you'll just let him alone. But you want him to make good your way, and so you spend time trying to make him do your way, and in the meantime your own faculties are going to seed. And this confounded seed falls on welcome soil, takes root, grows prolifically as any other weed. Pretty soon another fellow who has been truly living comes along and says the same thing in another way, as "If you help yourself everyone will help you." The curmudgeon says again: "Yes, that's so," and goes on meddling just the same. And so the real life is not lived except by the few who make good their own faculties.

* * *

The best investment any one can make is to invest in himself. Cultivate your own faculties. Make the most of your own body, your own mind, your own character. If you do this well you'll have no time to interfere with others, getting in their way, taking up *their* time, which they would use to good advantage running the cultivator through their own patch to keep the weeds out. Normally you don't need to help any one else. If you don't help yourself to what rightfully belongs to them they'll get along all right, and the waste that takes place in the vain effort to "help each other" is saved to all and all are advanced, all are better off. Very few people in this world need help if rights were equal. Help yourself and don't get in the other fellow's way is the true way to help the other fellow. If you are farsighted enough to see breakers ahead, why just yell out "Breakers ahead!" and point them out. Steer your own boat clear. If you try to get into each other's boats, try to "help each other," there is a good chance of capsizing and all getting into the drink. Avoid the breakers yourself. If the other fellow doesn't, it isn't your fault. He'll have to suffer the consequences. If you steer right and he follows you, then all's right. But, be sure you're right, then go ahead. Don't be afraid. Don't vacillate. Hold hard to the tiller. Let no fool or coward distract you.

* * *

Is this jargon? Don't you understand it? Well, then listen. It means that we have been yelling freedom! *freedom!!* FREEDOM!!! for centuries, until the world is black in the face, and we've been hypocritically living the lie of tyranny all the time. We have not only permitted others to rule us, but we have attempted to rule others. We permit it now; we do it now. We allow the politicians to rule us. We permit our parents to domineer over us after we have reached adolescence. We prohibit our children the free use of their own will and cramp their judgment by our own desire to be it. We suffer our love to warp our desire to be free and continue in subjection. We permit our wives' wishes to keep us in bondage and we have too little faith in our own force of attraction to hold their love in freedom to us. We are too cowardly to exercise our own freedom, and we are too ignorant and hypocritical to recognize and applaud the exercise of freedom by others. We lack the understanding of what freedom really means. We lack the moral uprightness to let those who do live their own lives in their own way. We cringe before the State. We are servile to the law. We are awed by the church. We fawn at Grundy's feet. We toady to wealth and power. We fear the anathema of false friends. We bow in supplication before the dollar. We doubt the leadership of love. We discredit justice. We drink to intoxication at the bar of restraint and then blab of freedom, only to beg off and plead drunkenness when we become sober. We never have faith in ourselves. We never have confidence in our fellows. We never dare [illegible] us. We never trust nature.

* * *

You are a coward. He is a coward. She is a coward. It is a coward. Let's here and now, each one of us, individually, all by himself, without convention, without compunction, without reservation—*resolve to be* free to do what we choose; to do nothing that will restrict the freedom of another; to truly live; to act in accord with our nature; to make good our faculties.

Let us challenge restraint wherever we meet it. Let us declare for liberty wherever it is infringed. Let us work for freedom, suffer for freedom, aye, die for freedom if necessary, because what is the use of living a lifeless life? What is the use of claiming divinity when we have no soul, no spirit?

The most profoundly philosophical declaration ever made is: "Give me liberty or give me death!"

JOSEPH A. LABADIE.

Saturday and the Single Tax.

To the Editor of Liberty:

No wonder that Andrew Rooney holds single taxers in low esteem, if his estimate of them is based upon the strange conduct of his man Saturday, as detailed in "The Position of Saturday," published in the current number of Liberty.

If Crusoe "would probably have perished" without Friday, the latter could probably have taken care of himself in the absence of Crusoe. So it would seem that Saturday, who "is a very expert workman, can do all sorts of useful things well, and can produce in great abundance,—in fact, vastly in excess of [illegible] and Rooney's "united needs for consumption,"—might manage to get along without the presence of Rooney.

But at Isola, where natural opportunities for self-support are equally accessible to both, and any values thereof are to be enjoyed by them in common, the presence of Rooney, even without any "worldly store of possessions," might be advantageous to Saturday by reason of the mutually beneficial exchange of services they could make. Nor would the possession by Rooney of tools, provender, clothing, etc., or even of money, render his presence any less advantageous to Saturday. Even if he kept them all to himself, Saturday would be as well off as without him, but without Saturday's assistance Rooney would soon be without provender or clothing, his unused tools wasted with rust, and his money of no service however sound. "Having no training in such matters," he would at once have need of Saturday's services to be had only on Saturday's terms, the better for Saturday the more of desirable things Rooney had to offer him. Saturday's "comparatively modest dwelling" would soon be preferable to Rooney's "mansion," unless he could induce Saturday to keep it in repair for him.

As to any values to be realized from the "economic rent" of natural opportunities in Isola, if it has been agreed that they belong to Rooney and Saturday in common, what is to hinder their investing them in enterprises of common interest, for instance in the maintenance of a highway between the modest dwelling and the mansion, or of any other common convenience? And why, the premises considered, should Saturday permit Rooney to have any more potent voice than himself in the management of such enterprises?

JOHN SHERWIN CROSBY.

New York, July 25, 1904.

An Open Letter to the "Outlook."

Dear Sirs:

I have just read the "Outlook" of June 18th on the "Issue in Colorado," and I take the liberty to express regret that you are so prone to lay the Independence outrage at the door of the miners' union. Is it not more likely to have been the work of the same sinister influence that has been so persistently thwarting the will of the people of Colorado, expressed in legislation in 1901, and again expressed at the polls in 1902 by a vote of 72,980 to 26,266 in favor of a legal-day's work of eight hours. After such a humiliating defeat of the careful work of bribery and the lobby, even gilded saints might be expected to resort to treachery and dynamite.*

Have you so soon forgotten the methods of the General Managers' Association at Chicago in 1894?

If you have any regard for the safety of our country, I beg of you to beware of playing into the hands of those whose habit ever has been playing human flesh against dividends, lest you strengthen an already growing oligarchy whose rapacity may develop another French Revolution.

The fact to date seems to be that your jumped-at

---

* Liberty, while not holding the Western Federation of Miners responsible for the Independence dynamite outrage, does not charge the mine-owners with the crime.—EDITOR.

assumption and misplaced sympathy have enabled this oligarchy to wrest control of the whole machinery of government in Colorado, which is apparently what was wanted, for it has already used it to suppress a rival mine owner who refused to join his clique.

The policy of booming private businesses by governmental aid is much revered in certain quarters as being in the interest of progress. But its dangers are growing only too apparent.

A plutocracy beating down labor in its lust for dividends is a sad spectacle, and, if society wishes to avoid reaping the whirlwind, it will create a public opinion that will repudiate this unbridled cowardly onslaught of capital.

Yours truly,
W. E. JACKSON.

929 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

The Interest Graft.

[Hugo Bilgram in Philadelphia "Public Ledger."]

The perfection to which our system of banking has been brought is well described in your editorial, "Financial Organization," of July 20. As you have clearly shown, the loan of $16,000,000 was transferred from New York to this city without the transfer of one dollar of actual money. The whole transaction required practically no labor beyond the clerical work of distributing the amount among the various depositories, and it is probable that in expending this sum nothing more than credit instruments will pass from hand to hand, embracing a greater or less amount of clerical work only. Banking has practically been reduced to a routine of bookkeeping.

But this transaction suggests a very pertinent question. If the service the New York banks rendered to this city in this transaction consists merely of a limited amount of clerical work, for what are we going to pay the interest that will amount, within the thirty years of the term of the loan, to $16,800,000? No actual money, no actual wealth of any kind is handed over by the New York syndicate, hence we cannot view the service rendered as an act of abstinence or a rendering of present goods in exchange for future goods. Nor can the funds loaned be viewed as productive capital, for no real capital in the form of wealth has been transferred. All they give is bankers' credit in exchange for this city's credit. There is but one conclusion possible, namely, we are paying these millions for some advantage of the bankers' over this city's credit. The question thus arises, in what particular is this city's credit inferior to the bankers'? I should venture to assert, without fear of successful contradiction, that, if there is any difference, it is in favor of this city.

In former times, when actual coin had to be turned over, when actual wealth had to be given up by the lender, there may have been sufficient cause for remunerating the lender for his abstention, but since we have progressed to such a point that a transfer of actual wealth is no longer necessary, the economic reason for paying interest for such transactions has disappeared.

Are we so accustomed to ancient usages that we cannot divest ourselves of them after the necessity for them has disappeared? This is, indeed, a costly adherence to antiquated customs. How can it be defended? The actual service rendered by the banks consists in handling, on their books, the transfers of credit embraced in the handling of this loan by the city. I would judge that during the next thirty years this work would be amply paid for by $800,000. What, then, I ask again, are the remaining $16,000,000 of interest paid for?

The only possible explanation is this: Our laws permit the bankers' credit to circulate as "current funds," and place an embargo against similar use upon all other forms of credit. By virtue of these laws the bankers are enabled to acquire not only the millions referred to, but also the hundreds of millions yearly which they obtain from the business world, and for which they render services, by the clearing of checks, for which they pay, in salaries and other expenses, only a small fraction thereof.

It is no wonder that under this load the industrial world occasionally breaks down, and periodically recurring business depressions are now considered an inevitable characteristic of our industrial era.

No Important Reforms for Russia.

[New York Sun.]

The hope that the christening of the czarevitch would be signalized by the proclamation of a constitution proves to have had no foundation. There is no sign of any relaxation of the perfidious resolve to Russianize the grand duchy of Finland, neither is there any material change in the laws which subject the Jews to grievous disabilities. The minor concessions announced by Nicholas II. leave the autocratic system intact, and relegate the friends of free institutions to revolutionary methods.

The primary purpose of the proclamation is to strengthen the props of the dynasty and the bureaucracy by propitiating the peasantry and the rank and file of the army, who, of course, are peasants in uniform. The belief has been current that the use of the knout became extinct in Russia's civil life when serfdom was abolished more than forty years ago. As a matter of fact, that instrument of punishment has continued to be employed throughout the rural districts, which constitute ninety-five hundredths of Russia's territory. The edict issued to commemorate the christening of the heir to the throne abolishes the use of the knout among the rural classes and curtails it in the army and navy. It appears, also, that a general reduction of the penalties imposed for common law offences is proclaimed, together with a general amnesty for all past political offences, except in cases of murder. Persons arrested for offences the punishment for which would not have involved the loss of civil rights are pardoned, provided they had not been sentenced at the time of the czarevitch's birth. Some other ostensible concessions to political offenders are really valueless, because they cannot be turned to account in any individual case without bureaucratic approval.

Absolutely nothing is done for the Jews, except to set aside the fines that have been levied upon Jewish communes whenever individual Jews have avoided military service. Equally exasperating is the semblance of generosity exhibited toward Finland. What the Finns want is the observance of the oath, subscribed by Alexander I. and by all his successors, to uphold the civil and military autonomy guaranteed to Finland when the grand duchy accepted the head of the house of Romanoff for its sovereign. Not only is there no trace of an intention to recede from the assimilative policy prosecuted with so much rigor during the last few years, but on the very day (August 24) when the proclamation was issued appeared an imperial order directing that the Finnish military district shall be abolished as a distinctive district and merged in that of St. Petersburg. So far, then, as military duties are concerned, the Finn has become a Russian, and may at any moment be ordered to the furthest bounds of the empire. In view of this and many another flagrant violation of the Finnish constitution, hollow indeed must seem the permission granted to Finns who have left their country without the sanction of Russian authorities to return within a year. Exasperating, also, will prove the declaration, described as "relief for the Finns," that all fines imposed on Finnish communities for failure to elect representatives to the Russian sham-substitute for their former legislature, or delegates to military recruiting boards, during 1902 and 1903, are remitted. Neither are the Finns likely to regard as an act of remarkable beneficence the setting apart of $1,500,000 from the money raised by taxation in Finland for the benefit of landless people in the grand duchy.

We repeat that the only classes of the Russian population that have much cause to be grateful are the soldiers and the peasants. Provision is made in the manifesto not only for the education of the children of officers and soldiers who have been victims of the war, but also for the maintenance of families whose breadwinners have fallen in the service of their country. So much the autocrat and his bureaucrats were bound to do in self-defence. A large pecuniary sacrifice is also made for the purpose of allaying the discontent of the peasantry. It will be remembered that, when the serfs were emancipated, they were allowed to purchase the lands which they had been wont to till, the purchase money being payable in instalments stretching over a long period. These payments have fallen into arrears, but the czar now definitely remits all such arrears in the case of those peasants who formerly were serfs to the crown, and who constitute about one-half of the whole body of rural cultivators. This looks, at the first glance, like a tremendous boon; but it is doubtful whether the revenues of the crown will be seriously affected, because the arrears could not have been collected without inflaming to a dangerous degree the discontent of the rural population.

The truth is that this christening proclamation is a mockery to those Russian patriots who pray for at least the rudiments of self-government. They asked for bread. They have received a stone.

Politics—A Confession.

[Tom Masson in "Life."]

We have tried for some time to take an interest in politics. When cousin Charles ran for congress, and after a tremendous fight that did him all honor and credit, got in by almost the narrowest margin known, we felt some fleeting show of interest.

We have tried, fiercely and intermittently at times, to find out what was really going on at Albany, Trenton, Philadelphia and other hotbeds of civic virtue. But we blush as we admit it—as many times as we have tried, we have had to give it up.

What is it about politics, we wonder, that is so hard to understand? It seems sufficiently engaging and absorbing to those who are in it. In to-day's paper from Albany comes the story of what Bill said to Jake, and how Tim took the news; of how Charlie was caught napping, and of a bill that was being rapidly pushed through; of what the governor felt and thought, and how the convention acted under pressure.

Surely there is a drama concealed there. Surely something has happened that is worth while knowing. On the face of it, it is exciting reading. It is a story with action to it, and all the elements—rage, jealousy, courage, persistence—seem to be in evidence.

Yet we cannot make head or tail to it. At first we thought we had discovered the secret. We said, with a kind of comfortable joy in our hearts, that the reason we did not take to politics was because politics had no sentiment, and we rested in this delusion for some time.

Then it occurred to us that we loved football, baseball; that we loved a horse race and other contests in which sentiment did not seem to enter.

Politics seems to be a game, if we, so totally in the dark about it, may presume to furnish any sort of a definition. And yet we confess again—we do not love it.

Once we thought, in childish innocence, to interest ourselves in the documents in the case, fondly hoping that, as politics was a game, some of its rules might be learned from these weighty matters; and we shut ourselves up with two platforms and a candidate's letter of acceptance. Here were declamations from headquarters, from those who were themselves playing the game. But we had not advanced upon the platforms any distance at all before we became hopelessly involved. One of them said one thing, the other just the opposite. In despair we snatched up the letter of acceptance. Here was at last a human document, the work of a living, breathing man. And yet, as we struggled on—half-way through it—we felt that we had been fooled again. We found ourselves unconsciously pitying the chap who wrote it—it seemed to us that he so over-estimated the importance of his subject. And then, for relief, we turned to an absorbing detective story that happened to be at our elbow.

Between campaigns—when there are other matters that seem to be important—we manage to conceal our opinions with some comfort. But when this horror is thrust upon us—when we are confronted with posters and afflicted with torchlight processions—our embarrassment is intense.

What shall we say to the man who asks us which way we are going to vote, when the mere thought of having to vote at all is annoying in itself? And, as for those vague spectres they call "issues," must we explain that they have no interest for us, or shall we glibly descant upon what we have heard said is their "paramount importance"?

We like at times to be honest with ourselves. We even believe that, in the face of appalling defects, it is good to be so.

And so we find ourselves whispering softly—that we may not be heard above the blare of the trumpets—that we know already more about the candidates than we wish we did; that, compared with other men, they are too far out of focus to excite our interest; and that, if the country is really going to the dogs,—which seems to be the firm conviction of either side if the other side wins,—we sincerely hope that, when it gets there, politics will die out once and forever—which will, in itself, be a measure of relief.

Are Nude Statues Sinful?

[New York Times.]

The late Mr. Winans, of Baltimore, at a period when the nude in art was less commonplace than it is now, received one day a visit from the mayor of the city and another gentleman, who came to request that certain statues on his lawn, visible from the street, should be removed. On learning their errand Mr. Winans dismissed them with scant ceremony, and next day began to build a high fence round his grounds, which soon interposed its ugly surfaces between the public and the statues. More than a generation ago the exhibition in New York of a nude Venus painted by William Page in rivalry with Titian created no end of excitement among the pure; and today Judge Selleck of the quiet and umbrageous town of Stratford cannot "retire," as they say in New England when they mean to go to bed, without feeling far from sure that the nude stone ladies on his lawn will not wear petticoats and shirtwaists ere rosy-fingered Aurora ushers in the day. Thus prolific of wrath, writing fluid, and ructions proves the human form divine when divested of the hideous garb of civilization and immortalized in stone and bronze.

We have seen the Bacchante by MacMonnies hunted from her leafy joys in the backyard of Boston's library, yet brazen even to the limit of bacchanalianism in the halls of the Metropolitan. We have seen Biondi's somewhat décolletée lady of the Saturnalia hailed by Paris and Rome, yet startling the trustees of our museum by her too giddy conduct—and promptly hustled down cellar. And now we have persons otherwise normal in their wits clamoring against the unclothed giants in Ward's pediment on the stock exchange. True descendants of the iconoclasts, they doubt their own fragile virtue and gaze uneasily about, fearing that others are thinking as naughty thoughts as they.

The allegory Mr. Ward has meant to express in the somewhat overdraped woman who stands like Pallas Athené in the centre of the group is Integrity—the carrying out of vast sales which are clinched by a nod, the transaction being then as good as if signed and sealed. She is the draped lady of the bare word—perhaps the men represent the public that has been stripped to the buff. On the artistic side these undraped men add much to the beauty of the groups. But how will they seem in winter, when the snow flies, the election is over, and the public apathy is shaken off? The prudes of Broad Street and of Wall may then do well to drape them in lambskin coats, for just to look at them will give the most ardent speculator cold feet.

Rooseveltian Perfidy Penetrated.

[The Nation.]

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have an ungrateful" bantling must be the reflection of the administration over the unpleasant reaction against the United States again manifest in Panama. On Friday President Amador invited a number of prominent citizens to the government palace, and a declaration was then launched that "the Panama government should firmly demand a full compliance with the text and spirit of the treaty, and should by no means tacitly permit its violation in any shape or manner which would be derogatory to the nation's dignity before the world." The Panamans persist in thinking that the president is unwilling to relinquish control over Panaman ports, and to comply with the treaty which recognizes Panama as an independent and sovereign State. If Panamans think that this administration, after violating its treaty obligations with Colombia, and after having overthrown Colombian sovereignty under the pretext of our guarantee of the neutrality of the isthmus, is going to be sedulously regardful of the rights of such a comic-opera republic as Panama, we fear they are doomed to disappointment. It will only be necessary to trot out the stalking-horse of an "international easement" in Panaman ports to grab just as many of them as may be convenient.

The Tabbycats Are Squelched.

[New York Times.]

Profiting by a gleam of almost human intelligence, the authorities at the St. Louis exposition have decided, after mature deliberation, that they will ignore the grimy-minded virtue-ists who have been shocked by the sartorial heterodoxy of the Igorrotes on exhibition there, and that those children of nature shall continue to dress themselves as little as their tastes and fashions demand. That is common sense. Any other decision would have been equally absurd and nasty. . . . If Igorrotes are to be exhibited certainly they ought to go on as such, not as dressed up folk of swarthy complexion no more interesting than other folk of the same appearance. Our own conviction is that these temporarily gentle islanders complete as is their accustomed undress, are a spectacle innocuous to any decent man or woman who also has an intelligence moderately well developed. Certainly many such men and women have looked upon the queer creatures without a tremor or a blush. How it will be now that there has been a lot of foolish talk on the subject is a slightly difficult question to answer, but the chances of real harm are small, and the tabbycats have been squelched, anyhow, and that's something.

Anarchist Stickers.

Aggressive, concise Anarchistic assertions and arguments, gummed and perforated, to be planted everywhere as broadcast seed for thought; 25 in a sheet; 1 sheet for 2 cents, 3 for 5 cents, 20 for 25 cents, 100 for $1. Postage paid. Address S. T. BYINGTON, 70 Otis Street, East Cambridge, Mass.

What is Anarchism?

An explanation by Stephen T. Byington. 5 copies for 2 cents, 50 for 10 cents, 150 for 25 cents, 750 for $1. Postage paid. Address S. T. Byington, 70 Otis St., East Cambridge, Mass.

LUCIFER—Son of the Morning

A Fortnightly Journal of Radical Thought

Devoted mainly to the Emancipation of Womanhood and Motherhood from Sex Slavery, and to the Right of the Child to Be Born Well. Send 25 cents in Stamps to 500 Fulton Street, Chicago, for a three months' trial, and get a Catalogue of books and pamphlets in the line of Sex Reform.

LIBERTY'S LIBRARY.

For any of the following Works, address,
Benj. R. Tucker, Box 1312, New York.

GOD AND THE STATE. "One of the most eloquent pleas for liberty ever written. Paine's 'Age of Reason' and 'Rights of Man' consolidated and improved. It stirs the pulse like a trumpet call." By Michael Bakounine. Translated from the French by Benj. R. Tucker. 52 pages. Price, 15 cents.

FREE POLITICAL INSTITUTIONS: Their Nature, Essence, and Maintenance. An abridgment and rearrangement of Lysander Spooner's "Trial by Jury." Edited by Victor Yarros. 47 pages. Price, 25 cents.

A POLITICIAN IN SIGHT OF HAVEN. Being a protest against government of man by man. By Auberon Herbert. Price, 10 cents.

THE UNCONSTITUTIONALITY OF THE LAWS of Congress Prohibiting Private Mails. By Lysander Spooner. 24 pages. Price, 10 cents.

A PLEA FOR TRIAL BY JURY. By Benj. R. Tucker. An examination of the special jury law passed by the New York legislature in 1896. A speech delivered at a mass meeting held in Cooper Union under the auspices of several labor organizations. 48 pages. Price, 5 cents.

Problems of Number and Measure

By Robert Morris Pierce

An Outline and Bibliography of the application of the Arabic system of notation to a radix other than ten, and an account of the power of the resulting new system of non-decimal arithmetic as the basis of a thoroughgoing reform of the metric systems of the world.

21 Pages $1.00 Postpaid

Robert M. Pierce, 15 West 18th Street, N. Y.

THE ATTITUDE OF ANARCHISM

TOWARD

INDUSTRIAL COMBINATIONS.

BY

BENJ. R. TUCKER.

An address delivered in Central Music Hall, Chicago, on September 14, 1899, before the Conference on Trusts held under the auspices of the Civic Federation.

Price, Five Cents; 100 Copies, $3.00.

Mailed, post-paid, by the Publisher,

BENJ. R. TUCKER, P. O. Box 1312, New York City.

An Anarchist Classic.

ON THE

Duty of Civil Disobedience.

By

HENRY D. THOREAU.

Price, Ten Cents.

Mailed, post-paid, by

BENJ. R. TUCKER, P. O. Box 1312, New York City.

LANGUAGES PRINTING COMPANY

15 WEST 18th STREET, NEW YORK

TELEPHONE 6183 GRAMERCY

HIGH-CLASS JOB AND BOOK WORK

PRESS-WORK AND ELECTROTYPING

Linotype Composition for newspapers, magazines, books and jobs in English, German, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Swedish, Hungarian, Russian, Bohemian, Polish, Hebrew, Latin, Greek, and other languages.

LINOTYPE & HAND COMPOSITION

A NEW SYSTEM OF BOOKS

The Ideophonic Texts
for
Acquiring Languages

Edited by

ROBERT MORRIS PIERCE

The Ideophonic Texts are designed to furnish abundant material for forming those myriad associations of mental and organic processes which constitute the acquisition of languages. The *ideas* are presented by means of the native language of the student, and the *sounds* of the foreign language by means of the Universal Alphabet of the International Phonetic Association, as shown in the reduced facsimiles below.

German Texts for English Readers

SCHILLER'S WILHELM TELL Act 1. Four parallel texts, as shown in the following reduced facsimile of two facing pages. Editorial Critic: **George Hempl** Professor of English Philology and General Linguistics in the University of Michigan. 26 + 239 octavo pages. Cloth. $1.00 postpaid to any part of the world.

SCHILLER'S WILHELM TELL Act 2. Same arrangement as that of Act 1. Editorial Critic: **George Hempl.** Cloth. $1.00. (*Partly prepared.*)

French Texts for English Readers

LUDOVIC HALÉVY'S L'ABBÉ CONSTANTIN Part 1. Four parallel texts, similar in arrangement to those shown above. Editorial Critic: **Paul Passy** Editor of "Le Maître Phonétique." Cloth. $1.00. (*Preparation arranged for.*)

Greek Texts for English Readers

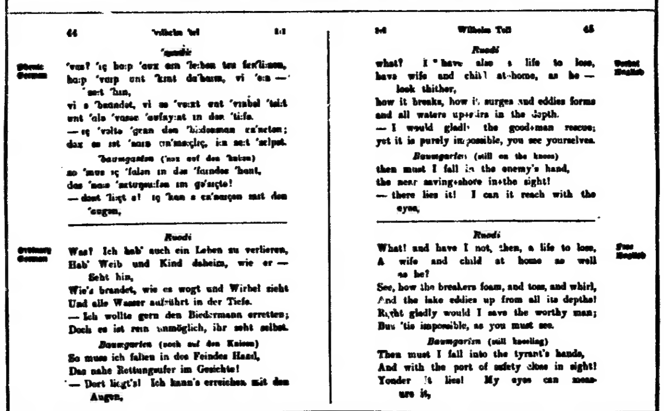
XENOPHON'S ANABASIS Book 1. Four parallel texts, similar in arrangement to those mentioned above. In the phonic text the attempt is made to represent the actual Athenian pronunciation of the time of Xenophon. Consulting Editor: **George Hempl.** Cloth. $1.00. (*Partly prepared.*)

The issuance of the three volumes last mentioned will depend somewhat on the number of the advance orders received for them. Other Series are contemplated, as of Anglo-Saxon, Chinese, Hebrew, Italian, Japanese, Latin, Russian, Sanskrit, and Spanish Texts for English Readers; as well as Series for other than English readers, as French Texts for German Readers and English Texts for French Readers.

John Locke:
"And to make the reading and understanding of it the less tedious and difficult to him, let him help himself if he please with the English Translation. Nor let the Objection that he will then know it only by rote, fright any one. This, when well consider'd, is not of any Moment against, but plainly for this Way of learning a Language. For Languages are only to be learned by rote."

Edmond Demolins:
"In short, the only practical and rapid way of learning a language is to store in the memory as many words and phrases as possible. By the time a pupil has read and understood — which is easy with a translation — twelve or fifteen volumes of Latin, he knows Latin."

FACING PAGES OF "TELL"



Henry Sweet:
"Phonetics is almost as old as civilization itself . . . It is the unphonetic, not the phonetic methods that are an innovation."

Paul Passy:
"I was disagreeably surprised to observe that in American schools, as almost everywhere in France, they make use, from the very start, of the German characters, so embarrassing to beginners, and which there is every advantage in not taking up till later on."

Benjamin Ide Wheeler:
"Words are not words without context, motive, and life."

For WHAT Remarkable

For Its Fundamental Principle
that languages are to be learned quite as much by Practice as by Theory: that *ideas* and *sounds*, to become sufficiently *associated* in the mind, must actually be *present* in the mind — in the right combinations — *over*, and *over*, and *over again*.

For Its System of Phonic Notation,
the Universal Alphabet of "*Le Maître Phonétique*," a journal circulated in 35 different countries. This alphabet has already been applied to about 200 languages and dialects, and bids fair to come into world-wide popular use. *After one language has been learned by it, other languages are much easier to learn.*

For Its Four Parallel Texts
always in sight, three of them corresponding, *line for line*, and *word for word*: thus securing *perfect ease of reference*. Each text is, however, *distinct* from the others: thus enabling the student to pin his attention exclusively and continuously on any one of them he may choose.

For Its Phonic German Text
giving the *exact pronunciation and stress* of each word as spoken *in the particular context in which it occurs.* Pronunciations as commonly given in text-books, grammars and dictionaries, are not only few in number and inexact, but arbitrary: *fitted to no particular context.*

For Its Ordinary German Text
corresponding *line for line* and *word for word* with the phonic German text, and printed in large, clear roman type.

For Its Verbal English Text,
a word-for-word rendering, corresponding *line for line* with the ordinary German and phonic German texts: enabling the student or instructor to find at a glance *the literal meaning of each word in the particular context in which it occurs.*

For Its Free English Text
giving *the general idea and spirit* of the German, and often a literal rendering of the lines.

The Study of Modern Languages in Boston, Mass.

(From *Le Maître Phonétique* for March, 1901)

The publication of the Ideophonic Texts for Acquiring Languages . . . shows a zeal at once rare and determined in the teaching of languages by the phonetic method. On the two facing pages appear four parallel texts of the subject-matter: a phonic foreign text, an ordinary foreign text, a word-for-word rendering of the text, and a free rendering of the text. The sounds of any language are taught by means of the alphabet of the International Phonetic Association. Students of phonetic systems are to be congratulated that the editor has not followed the usual custom of inventing a new system which they have to practice on before really starting in.

October, 1900 JAMES GEDDES, Professor of Romance Languages in the University of Boston

UNIVERSAL ALPHABET

In this table, the letters representing the *voiceless* sounds, that is, the sounds produced without vibration of the vocal cords, are *enclosed in curves* ( ).

ORGANS		Lips	Gums	Palate	Veil	Uvula	Throat
Wholly closed, then opened		b(p)	d(t)	ɟ(c)	g(k) ɢ(q)		(ʔ)
Nose passage open		m(m̥)	n(n̥)	ɲ(ɲ̊)	ŋ(ŋ̊)		
Open at sides (of tongue) only			l(l̥)	ʎ(ʎ̥)	ɫ(ɫ̥)		
Trilled			r(r̥)			ʀ(ʀ̥)	q
So close as to produce friction		β(ɸ) v(f)	z(s) ʒ(ʃ) ð(θ) ɹ(ɹ̥)		ʁ(χ)		ɦ(ʜ) (h)
	Rounded			ɥ(ɥ̊)	w(ʍ)		
				j(ç)	ɣ(x)		
Very close	Rounded			y ü	u		
				i ï	ɯ		
Close	Rounded			ʏ	ʊ		
				ɪ	ɯ		
Half close	Rounded			ø ö	o		
				e ə	ɤ		
Half open	Rounded			œ ɔ̈	ɔ		
				ɛ ɑ̈	ʌ		
Open				æ	ɐ		
Very open				a	ɑ		

ˑ denotes that the *preceding* sound is relatively *long*
' denotes that the sounds just *after* it are relatively *loud*.
~ denotes that the sound under it is *nasal*, or produced with the passage from throat to nose open.
[ ] denote that the *pitch* of the enclosed sounds is *high*.
[ ] denote that the *pitch* of the enclosed sounds is *low*.
╱ denotes that the *pitch* of the preceding sounds *rises*.
╲ denotes that the *pitch* of the preceding sounds *falls*.

For WHOM Designed

For All Students of German,
whether having private or class instruction, or studying by themselves only, who wish to *start right*, not start wrong, to be *continuously helped and corrected*, not continuously hindered and led astray, to proceed *rapidly*, not at a snail's pace, and to try the theory that *practice makes perfect*.

For All Teachers of German
(*whether teaching "Tell" or not*) who know that German can be acquired only by covering *an enormous amount of ground;* and who know, therefore, that their duty is to furnish their pupils with the most refined and powerful instruments for self-instruction which can be obtained. If not adopted as a regular text-book, this volume may be used as a *supplementary* text.

For All Students whose Pronunciation is Bad:
and the pronunciation of English-speaking students *is apt to be very bad.*

For All Teachers who are Uncertain as to Pronunciation
or rendering, or who have a local or imperfect pronunciation, and *who want standard guides,* such as the phonic text and the word-for-word rendering *for their own use* at home or in the class.

For All Students who Read Aloud,
and should students not read aloud more or less: in class and out?

For All Teachers of German Phonology
who now confine their teaching to mere elementary theory, for lack of *accurate and practical texts* on which to set students to work finding things out for themselves.

For All Students of General Phonetics and Philology,
who are interested in the structure of the German language.

HINDS & NOBLE, Publishers
31-33-35 West Fifteenth Street, New York, U.S.A.